

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 55—VOL. XVIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1806

NO. 919.

THE MISANTHROPE; A TALE.

"I, alas! have borne the buffet rude,
Have drugg'd the chalice brimming with deceit,
And known of fortune in her darkest mood.
I from the world but ask some kind retreat,
Where storms remotely frown, and billows vainly beat."

The last beams of the departing sun gilded the sweet village of Newton, and I wandered forth, resolved to enjoy a solitary walk by the river side. I had to pass along the village, and here a most delightful scene presented itself. The simple cottagers, after the labours of the day, were sitting at their doors, calmly enjoying the stillness of the evening. Their children were playing around them with innocent glee, and, if I could judge from their cheerful faces, they were to have no wish ungratified. I stood a while to observe their rustic mirth; a person of a refined taste might have been disgusted with their simple amusements, but it was the effects of good health and high spirits, a rich feast to those who had a relish for nature in her fairest form, without restraint or disguise. My heart thrilled with undecidable sensations of delight; I looked around, and nothing met my eye but beauty and harmony: I almost forgot that misery was an inhabitant of this lower world. I pursued my walk to the water side; the stream was bright, and not a breeze deformed its surface, now and then it was agitated by the inhabitants, who would spring up to seize the unsuspecting fly that sailed on his glassy bosom. Its sides were fringed in some places with underwood, which could not screen the traveller from the mid-day sun, but afforded a pleasing retreat in the cool evening hour. I sought my favorite copse on the brink of the river; but, to my great mortification, upon my arrival, I found my seat, under the spreading beech-tree, was occupied by a stranger. My surprise at finding him there, where I had not been used to meet any body, made me examine him minutely. His appearance was interesting; he seemed to have witnessed more prosperous days, for his clothing had the marks of decayed gentility, a settled gloom hung upon his countenance, which was manly and expressive; his eyes were fixed upon the stream, and I passed him, with his appearing to observe me. I walked a little farther, but my curiosity was excited so much about the person I had just seen, that I returned again, and found him still in the same posture. I resolved to go a little nearer him, and try to get some conversation with him. I accordingly made up to him, for this purpose; but on my approach he turned round, and threw a look upon me, which almost banished my former resolutions; however, I advanced, and thought I might hazard an introductory speech. "This is a fine evening, Sir," said I. "Believe me, Sir," said he, in a tone and manner that convinced me he was no common man. "You have a charming view of the village up the river, from this point, Sir," said I. "I never looked at it, Sir," said he, "all views are alike to me; the delightful evening only adds a deeper gloom to the weight of woe, which will soon bring me where the raving tempest and the daim shall be equally agreeable to me. When I

sect towns and villages, I know that they are the habitations of beings that are hateful to me; beings whom I have known too well: perhaps, had I liked them less, I should have liked them better; but it matters not now, my fate is decided, and nothing shall ever tempt me again into the haunts of men. I should not have come here, had I not supposed that nobody would have discovered me."

"I am sorry, Sir," said I, "that you should have had any occasion to form such an unfavorable opinion of mankind. There are many wicked people in the world, among some of whom you may have unfortunately fallen. But I trust that virtue has still her abode amongst us." "O no, Sir," said he, "I have known enough of them, to convince me that they are all wicked, they prey upon each others vitals, and on pretence of serving one another, they are secretly undermining their characters and fortunes, till they raise themselves on the ruins of injured merit. I could tell a tale that would illustrate the truth of my opinions, but it could serve no good purpose, therefore it may sleep within my own bosom." Then rising hastily, he was going away, when I said, "If it is not taking too great a liberty, Sir, may I request you to give me a slight sketch of the circumstances that have occasioned your present opinions." "I shall do so, Sir," said he, "provided you promise to offer no services, nor lure me to mix in a world, which has already prepared such a bitter draught for me." I was forced to comply with his proposal, and he thus began:

"My name is Hervy: I was born in a small village in the south of England. I do not regret my parents, they died when I was very young; but I have been told that they were good sort people. At their death, they consigned me (their only child,) to the care of an uncle; into his family I was received with the little testimony my father left me. As soon as I could observe any thing, I began to perceive that my situation there was far from being agreeable. I was put to school, but my progress was overlooked, as a thing of no consequence; while my bodily cousins were continually brought forward. Every body heard of the rapid progress which they made in their learning, but I was obliged to stand back, and scarcely allowed to answer when any body spoke to me. I soon observed this, and was displeased that I did not receive an equal share of praise, when I was conscious that I deserved it better than those who received it. I toiled on a few dreary years in this state; things were not like to mend, my cousins were more grown up, and they were taken out to visit with my uncle and aunt; while I was left at home, to find amusement for myself. No day passed over my head, without my meeting with some rub or mortification; in short, my life was a continual scene of suffering."

"My uncle, without consulting my inclinations, had determined to bind me apprentice to a merchant in Liverpool; and as his wife complained of my being troublesome, he dispatched me as soon as I was able to stand behind the counter. Here I was propped up much against my liking, but I said nothing, as I thought things

could not be worse than they were. As I was a little fellow, and not able to defend my own rights, I was obliged to submit quietly to every drudgery which the elder apprentices chose to put upon me. Some years passed away in this manner. I seldom saw my uncle, and when he did come, he left strict injunctions with my master to keep me busy; so I did not long for his visit, as it was attended with no other consequence than an increase of my hardships. In my thoughtful moments, I often resolved to break my slavery, and try some other plan for my future life; but then I had no friends to protect me, after withdrawing from my uncle. I had a great desire to go abroad, and visit other countries; this I could accomplish by going to sea, without farther hesitation, I resolved to go with a master of a ship, whom I knew a little: he was bound for the West Indies, so I gathered my few things together one morning, and set sail with him. It is needless to recount to you the many unlooked for hardships I underwent, during a long and dangerous voyage, but we reached our destined port in safety, and I was landed on a distant shore, in a most forlorn situation. I knew not which hand to turn to; however, I plucked up some spirit, and began to look about me; and I at length found some employment, which promised me a decent livelihood. I remained several years in this employment, and with care and attention had gained something considerable, with which I intended to return to England, as my health did not agree with the climate."

During my stay at Kingston, I had formed an intimacy with a young man from Scotland, an adventurer, like myself: this circumstance united us more closely, he seemed to take a great interest in me, and I with frankness confided all my cares to him. I told him my design of returning to England, he seemed highly pleased with it, and proposed coming over with me, and we would go into business together. This I agreed to with readiness, and we came over, and settled in Manchester, as he had some friends there, whom he was certain would give us encouragement. They did so in some measure; and we went briskly on for two or three years; but I began to perceive my partner's inattention to business; he became showy and fashionable, was to be seen every where but in his shop. The whole burden of the business of course fell upon me. I seriously remonstrated, but to no purpose; he had resolved to live handsomely upon my labours, and if we should fail, he had friends to whom he could look. The unhappy event I so much dreaded at length arrived. I had occasion to be from home about some orders, and upon my return I found that heavy demands had been made upon us, which we were not able to satisfy, and our shop was shut. I much feared that there had been some improper conduct in my absence; but however that might be, it was in vain now for upbraid. I must again begin my fortune, and endeavor to get other friends, more steady than those I had already found."

(To be Continued.)

ON CARD PLAYING.

A gentleman in public company, inveighing against the prevailing custom of card playing, was requested to give his reasons for such invective, which he did in words to this effect:

"I will, said he since you desire it, give you my reasons; first, in general, and then in particular: I have observed that cards waste a great deal of time, which I esteem the most valuable treasure that God hath bestowed on us. They exclude conversation in the next place, which is the highest of all social pleasure; and finally, they too frequently excite envy, repining, and ill humor.

"To be more particular—in young persons the habit of playing at cards absorbs many of these hours, which should be spent in improving the mind, and which, thus simply lost, can never afterwards be repaired. In the progress of their lives, such young persons, for the want of improvement are utterly unfit for proper employments, and fall of course, into pursuits unworthy of the situation they might have filled, and become insignificant in themselves, and useless to society.

"In respect to the old, this humor of card-playing gives a very bad example, and contributes strongly to ruin the rising generation: It removes that reverence that naturally waits upon years, and renders that season of life disgraceful, which ought to be the object of veneration: It increases avarice, the natural vice of age; it corrupts the heart at a season when it ought to be employed in more serious pursuits, instead of giving a moment's attention to such a vain and frivolous amusement.

"In a word, this is one great cause of that incapacity so very justly deplored in our youth of both sexes, and of that profligacy which disgraces them in advanced years."

From late London Papers.

A convict who was lately executed at Leicester, and who adopted the singular mode of travelling in a post-chaise to the place of execution, was no less remarkable for his crimes than a copious fund of low humor. He got the following notice put up in the most frequented houses in the town—"Wanted an agreeable companion in a post chaise to go a journey of considerable length and upon equal terms. Enquire for the particulars at the Castle." It is almost superfluous to mention, that upon the terms being made known, the gentleman could not find a partner.

A most beautiful lamp, adorned with appropriate devices, after the antique, is nearly finished for his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. It is intended to perpetuate the memory of the gallant Nelson, by burning continually in a retired part of his Royal Highness's house. The stand is a fine production of art, from an ancient book of Gothic Architectural Ornaments, in possession of his Royal Highness.

VERACITY.

Two Gentlemen in dispute, reflected upon each other's veracity. One of them replied, that he never was whipt but once by his father, and that was for telling the truth. I believe, then (retorted the other) "that truth was whipt out of you, for you never have spoken it since."

THE JOY OF GRIEF.

Sweet the hour of tribulation,
When the heart can freely sigh;
And the tear of resignation
Twinkles in the mournful eye.

Have you felt a kind emotion
Tremble through your troubled breast;
Soft as evening o'er the ocean,
When she charms the waves to rest?

Have you lost a friend, or brother?
Heard a father's parting breath?
Gaz'd upon a lifeless mother,
Till she seem'd to wake from death?

Have you felt a spouse expiring
In your arms, before your view?
Watch'd the lovely soul retiring
From her eyes, that broke on you?

Did not grief then grow romantic,
Raving on remembered bliss?
Did you not with fervent frantic,
Kiss the lips that felt no kiss?

Yes! but when you had resign'd her,
Life and you were reconcil'd;
Anna left—she left behind her,
One, one dear, one only child.

But before the green moss peeping,
His poor mother's grave array'd;
In the grave the infant sleeping
On the mother's lap was laid.

Horror then, your heart despairing,
Chill'd you with intense despair;
Can you recollect the feelings?
No! there was no feeling there!

From that gloomy trance of sorrow,
When you woke to pangs unknown;
How unelcome was the morn'g,
For it rose on you alone!

Sunk in self-consuming anguish,
Can the poor heart always ache?
No! the tortured nerve will languish,
Or the strings of life will break.

O'er the yielding brow of sadness,
One faint smile of comfort stole;
One soft pang of tender gladness,
Exquisitely thrill'd your soul.

While the wounds of woe are healing;
While his heart is all resign'd;
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,
'Tis the sabbath of the mind.

Pensive memory then retraces
Scenes of bliss forever fled;
Lives in former times and places,
Holds communion with the dead.

And, when night's prophetic slumbers
Rend the veil of mortal eyes
From their tombs, the sainted numbers
Of our lost companion rise.

You have seen a friend, a brother,
Heard a dear dead father speak;
Proved the fondness of a mother,
Felt her tears upon your cheek!

Dream of love your grief beguiling,
You have chapt a comfort's charm;
And relieved your infant smiling
From his mother's sacred arms.

Trembling, pale, and agonizing,
While you mourn'd the vision gone,
Bright the morning star arising,
Open'd Heaven, from whence it shone.

Thither all your wishes bending,
Rose in ecstasy sublime,
Thither all your hopes ascending
Triumph'd over death and time.

Thus afflicted, tormented and broken,
Have you known such sweet relief?
Yes, my friend! and by this token,
You have felt the joy of grief!

A FRAGMENT.

—She trembled as she met the eye of Lewson—she was confused and embarrassed—she gazed for a minute on his features, with an anxious and eager curiosity, and suddenly exclaiming, "It is! it is!" she dropped down in a chair and burst into tears.

"Good heaven," said Lewson, who had a confused recollection of her person, "what can this mean?—What can this mean?" echoes Mordant, "why, to bubble you out of your money. Pish! can't you see through these stale tricks? When the war is evidently soft, can we wonder that imposture should endeavor to stamp duty upon it!"—"Would to heaven," returned Apulus, "that the rule impression of brutality was stamped on nothing more durable!"

"Do you not," said the wretched visitant, "remember Miss L—y?" "Is it possible?" exclaimed Lewson, "Miss L—y?"—"I was once that favored child of gaily and affluence," said she; "but oh! what am I now!" Then after a pause—"Oh father! husband! stepdame! exclaimed she, "and oh! worst of all, my imprudent heart!"

Lewson was pierced to the soul; he felt a kind of mingled perturbation, anxiety, and curiosity, an indelible sensation, painful indeed, and exquisitely sad, but dearer to the expanded heart, than all the joys of grandeur and of sense. Even Mordant listened, with a malignant sneer, while she briefly related her affecting story.

"My father," said the poor unfortunate, "was, as you know, Sir, an eminent barrister, and, at the time when I had the honor of meeting you at his friend J—'s, had attained such opulence by his profession, as enabled him to enjoy every species of luxury. Shortly after this he married Lady N—, who, though she seemed to have a disinterested affection for my father, always treated me with the most mortifying cruelty and contempt. O fatal persecution! to which, alas! I owe all my present misery. My father, however, infatuated by the charms and accomplishments of this second wife, and not a little vain of her rank, yielded himself and his family implicitly to her dominion, and agreed to think the sacrifice of his daughters peace no more than a proper return, to one who had brought to his arms title, elegance, and fashion. Thus persecuted by her who had usurped from me the dominion of my father's house, and neglected by him to whom I owed my wretched existence, the only minutes of tranquility I enjoyed were those I spent in my own apartments, with my music master.

"Young and inexperienced as I was, can't be wondered, that an insinuating youth, with whom I spent my only cheerful hours, and who instructed me in the only art that could charm sweet forgetfulness the anguish of my mind, should make too tender an impression on a susceptible heart. In short, he professed and I really felt the most pure and generous affection and I consented to elope with the basest, the most inhuman of his sex.

"Though my father had not tenderness enough to protect his daughter at home, he had still pride enough to resent her having sought a plebeian protection abroad. As soon therefore as he heard of my marriage, he forbade me the house; and the arts of my cruel stepmother prevailed on him to resolve on seeing me no

—a resolution which he so cruelly kept. But, peace to his soul—for oh! he was still my father. "Tax him not, O heaven! with my afflictions, nor remember his transgressions, as he remembered mine. Oh! Mr. Lewson, he is no more. Four years since he died, and left me—cruel! cruel!"—a wretched legacy (so he termed it)—a shilling. But, alas! the worst is still untold:—My husband! cruel stars! is there no truth—no generosity—no pity in the heart of man? Must the poor credulous female, who sacrifices all to love, meet in return desertion—treachery—ruin? But, oh! deceitful perjurer; wherever thou fliest to slum the cries of that wretched, which, for thy dear—accursed sake, I endure, may the keenest pangs of my misery reach thee, and transfix thy savage heart.

"I will not relate to you, Sir, the gradations of distress by which I was reduced to what you see, nor harrow your soul by recounting the cruelties with which my haughty stepmother and inhuman husband answered my unvarying petitions. My education disqualified me from earning a subsistence. I endeavored to drown my anguish, by appealing to a practice which soon became habitual—intoxication. My soul became as degraded as my condition, and no resources presenting themselves but begging or prostitution, to the former of which I sunk by imperceptible gradations."

"Thanks to heaven," exclaimed Lewson, "you chose not the latter. Thy wants shall be relieved, and the tongue that sued small supplicate no more; but who shall restore to the soul of a fallen creature its wonted purity, or bid the modest blush tinge once more the cheek of polluted beauty." M.

A man who kept a tippling-house, asked his neighbor what he should put upon his sign. "Write," said the neighbor, "Beggars made here."

TO THE MOON.

Moon in thy silver car,
Chaste-eyed empress of the night;
Hark! a wanderer from afar
Hails thy mild auspicious light.

Light! to love's own votaries dear,
Dear to meditation's sons;
Shades of error thou canst clear,
Better than a thousand suns.

Be thy soft religious gleams,
Reason searches truth thy divine;
Wisdom owns the inspiring beams,
Virtue smiles to see thee shine.

I too (child of sorrow) feel
Ally power to soften grief;
Which, though 'tis not thine to heal,
Thine it is to afford relief.

By the light alone I rove,
Tears indulge, and as they flow,
Learn a mystery to prove,
Learn the luxury of woe.

Tearful eyes to heaven I turn,
There with awe thy form I see,
While the stars that round thee burn,
Light me to the Deity.

Ah! 'tis he who guides their spheres,
Who measures out my woes,
Hence then, cease my falling tears,
Or with resignation flow.

M. L.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 27, 1805.

Deaths in this city, during the last week, of the following diseases, viz.

Of apoplexy 1, asthma 1, casualties 2*, cold 1, consumption 10, convulsions 1, delirium 1, decay 2, dropsy 2, dropsy in the head 1, bilious fever 2, typhus fever 4, flux infantile 3, hives 1, perforation of the stomach 1, old age 1, palsy 1, small pox 2, sprue 2, whooping cough 2, worms 1—Men 13, women 9, boys 10 girls 10—Total 44 [One was Hagar Johnson, a black woman, aged 109 years.]

* Two men—one of whom died in consequence of a hurt; the other, a cartman, was killed by a road bank falling upon him while loading his cart.

On Saturday night, between the hours of 9 & 10 o'clock, a fire broke out in a bake house, in Fair-street occupied by Mr. Henry Rankin, and owned by Mr. J. Woods, but was got under with very little damage to the building, by the Firemen and citizens.

On Sunday night about 10 o'clock, a fire was discovered in the front cellar of Mr. Benjamin Baker's house, in Pearl-street, three doors from the corner of Pine street, through the grate of the cellar window. The cellar was full of dry goods, which received considerable damage from the great quantity of water thrown upon them, the fire was got under before it had got to any considerable height. As Mr. Baker and family were at their country house, it is believed that the house was designedly set on fire.

On the Banks of the Rio Grande, in Africa, a salt is produced which is proven to be an instantaneous and infallible antidote against poison. The manner in which it was discovered is curious. It appears to have been owing to an elephant which, tho' wounded by a poisoned arrow, a weapon with which the Negroes destroy those animals for the sake of their teeth, continued, to the astonishment of the hunters, to walk and graze without showing any sign of pain. One of the Negroes recollected that the elephant had gone, on being struck by the arrow, to the bank of a stream, and had conveyed some to its mouth by means of its trunk; but, on looking at what they conceived to be sand, they found it was a whitish salt, having a slight taste of alum. To effect a radical cure of any poison that may have been absorbed, it is only necessary to drink a drachm of this salt dissolved in water.

A letter from Haddington, dated the 10th inst. relates the following remarkable circumstance:—

* A young boy of this place, with some of his school-fellows, having frequently discovered an owl on the top of our old church steeple, and not doubting of its having a nest there, attempted, by climbing the wall in the day time, to get at it, but his attempts proved fruitless. The impression, however, of such a precious prize being yet attainable, continuing to actuate this boy's mind, even in the most profound sleep, he ascended the Gothic edifice, carried off the favorite object of his most earnest desire, returned to the window through which it appears he had sailed, placed the nest upon a chair, and went to bed. In the morning he recollected a pleasant dream of a wonderful adventure, and was altogether astonished, as well as overjoyed, to find it realized, in the discovery of the bird's nest!—The boy does not exceed ten years of age.

London pap.

There is exhibiting in London, as a show, a man of monstrous size, whose name is DAVID L. AARON, aged 34 years, a native of Litchfield—He weighs 700 pounds—measures 3 yards 4 inches round the waist, and 1 yard 1 inch round the leg. He eats little, drinks nothing but water, enjoys perfect health, and appears to be at ease and in good spirits.

If monstrosity is the effects of water drinking, the present age, generally, has not much to fear on this score.

London pap.

COAL.

Virginia Coal of a superior quality, suitable for the grate, for sale at the yards No. 26 Roosevelt-street, or corner of Roosevelt and Banker-streets.

Also, Liverpool and Scotch Coal, may be had by applying as above.

S. FAIRMAN.

COURT OF HYMEN.

Forbearance of the object they love,
Their heart will be wholly at ease—
Whilst reason and heaven approve,
Their mutual endowments to please.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, at Peekskill, by the Rev. Mr. Constant, Mr. James Malcolm, of this city, pilot to the Misses Esther Tovar, of that place.

At St. Jago de Cuba, on the 3th of August last, Capt. William W. Bell, of this city, to Madlle Marie Antoinette Cierion, of St. Domingo.

At Lancaster county, Joseph Applehill, Esq. to Miss Margaret Coleman.

At Albany, Geo. Sheppard, merchant, to Miss Alida Visscher, daughter of Col. John Visscher.

MORTALITY.

In the sharp pang we feel for friends deceased
Unbared life, we must with anguish die;
But nature bids its rigour should be eased,
By lenient time, and strong necessity;
These calm the passions, and subdue the mind,
To bear the appointed lot of human kind.

DIED.

On Friday the 19th instant, Henry Masterton Esq. At Poughkeepsie, on Sunday last, Mr. Gilbert Livingston, Esq.

At Burlington, Vermont, Col. Udney Hay.

At New-Gloucester, Col. Frederick H. Baron, of Wisconsin, aged 78 a native of Prussia, and formerly of this state.

At Richmond, Mr. John Davis.

On the 18th April last, at the Isles de Los, Africa, captain Andrew Lawrence, of this city.

Death in Philadelphia the last week—24 adults, 19 children—total 43.

Lately at Bermuda, Mr. James Brewerton, late of the city of New-York.

At the State-prison, on Thursday the 18th inst. Mr. Henry C. Williamson, in the 31st year of his age. On Friday following, his remains were interred in St. Paul's church-yard, attended by a numerous concourse of friends.

When lowest sunk with grief and shame,

Filled with affliction's bitter cup;

Lost to relations, friends, and fame,

Thy pow'rful hand can raise us up.

LIKENESS.

TAKEN BY THE REFLECTING MIRROR,
AND PAINTED FINELY IN MINIATURE.

MR. PARIEN, respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen that he has returned to this city, and resides at No. 38, Clatsian-Street, where he will continue for some time to take Likenesses by the Reflecting Mirror, lately received from London, which only requires a few minutes sitting to take the most correct Likeness in any position, and reduced to any size in Miniature. Price of each picture, which depends on the size, and finely painted, is from 3 to 25 dollars each—the Likeness is warranted to please.

Likewise, historical and fancy pieces painted on silk or Ladies needle-work, and all kinds of hair devices neatly executed.

N. B. A few Ladies and Gentlemen may be instructed in the art of drawing and painting in water colours, on moderate terms.

Sept. 6.

916—2f.

30,000, 20,000, & 10,000 DOLLARS.

For sale at this office, Tickets in Lottery No. V. for the Encouragement of Literature.

PLAYS.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Mountaineers, West Indian, False Shame, Folly at Elbes, Edwin & Angelina, Way to get Married, Count of Burgundy, Signs of the Daughter, Loves, Fraillies Deserted Daughter, Stranger, Self Immolation, Widow of Malabar, Jew or Benevolent Hebrew, Rural Felicity, Tell Truth & Shame the Devil, Preservation of the Royal on the Rock, Father, or America, ghastly am. &c. &c. &c.

COURT OF APOLLO.

WIT.—By YOUNG.

What though Wit tickles? tickling is unsafe,
It still 'tis painful while it makes us laugh.
Who, for the poor renown of being aware,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?

Parts may be praised—good nature is adored;
Then draw your wit as seldom as your sword;
And never on the wing; or you'll appear,
As there no hero—no great genius here.

As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set:
Their want of edge from their office is seen;
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

The fatter men give us for the joy they find—
Dull is the jester, when the joker's kind.

THE DAUGHTER.

If daughters draw near, who are coar'd to be wives,
By the glitter of gold, or by fame,
Beware, as you wish for the peace of your lives,
Whoever at wedlock may aim.

Ill-coupled, a train of calamities grow,
That prudence itself cannot lull;
If a fool, the poor dupe can no honor bestow,
And if impudent, oft makes you blush.

If a miser, like mine, should present you his hand,
Bid the sordid old wretch disappear,
Pride, jealousy, hate would your actions command,
And repentance would bring up the rear.

The rake of all wretches dear virgin, oppose,
He always one's honor suspects;
The worst of all women are all that he knows,
And he thinks there's no odds in the sex.

But shew me the lad of a generous heart,
Where candor and good nature glow,
And if I deny him, then bid me depart,
And lead Apes in the regions below.

RONDEAU.

From the 'Stranger at Home.'

Woman's fate is still distressing,
Be her lot what'er it will;
Man perverts her every blessing
To a cause of future ill.

If with charm, her form enduing,
Nature kindest care employs;
Man the gaily prize pursuing,
Conquers first, and then destroys.

Riches serve—but to entice her,
Like the Bee with homied store,
Her wealth allures the cruel spoiler,
And dooms her—victim of her hoard.

HENRY IV.

There's admirable prince, by whose good policy
The misfortunes of France were retrieved, thus addressed
his soldiers at the battle of Ivry.
My children, if you lose sight of the colours rally to
my white plume, you will always find it in the road to
honor and to glory.

An active despair has often triumphed over the in-
solent assurance of success.

STOLLENWERCK & BROTHERS, WHOLESALE & RETAIL JEWELLERS & WATCH MAKERS, NO. 137, WILLIAM STREET.

Impressed with a due sense of the many favors conferred on them, beg to return their sincere thanks to a generous public, and to inform them they have opened a Store No. 441, Pearl-Street, where they intend keeping a general assortment of the most fashionable articles in their line. In addition to their former Stock, they have just received an elegant assortment of Ladies ornamented dress Combs of the latest Parisian fashions, (they invite the ladies to be early in their applications) as also a fresh supply of the highly approved Venus Tooth-Powder, which is now selling with such rapidity by them, the sole vendors in New-York. They have on hand a large assortment of fashionable gold and silver Watches, which they are determined to dispose of, wholesale or retail on very liberal terms. N. B. Spanish Segars of the very best quality in boxes, from 250 to 1000.

Orders from the country punctually attended to. A few proof impressions of John Sullivan's map of the U. States, including Louisiana, five feet square, taken from actual survey, and superior in point of correctness to any now in use.

Sept. 6.

916—tf.

DURABLE INK,

FOR WRITING ON LINES WITH A PEN,
Which nothing will Discharge without destroying the Lines.

The Utility of this Preparation, whenever such an Article is wanting, need not be pointed out—Initials, Names, Cyphers, Crests, &c. may be formed with the utmost expedition, and without the inconvenience or expense of any Implements; and will be found to stand every Test of Washings, Buckings, Acids, Alkalies, &c. which oily and other Compositions will not. If wrote on Linen as it comes from the loom, it firmly stands the Bleaching. It is also a much better, as well as indelible Criterion of a Person's Property, than Initials made with Thread, Silk, or Instruments, frequently used for this purpose.

A fresh supply of the above, just received by Robert Bach, & Co. Druggists, No. 123 Pearl-Street, for sale, wholesale and retail; where also may be had Drugs and Medicines, Patent Medicines, Perfumery of the best kinds, Tooth Brushes, Reeves' drawing colours, &c. &c.

July 19.

909—tf.

MARTIN RABBESON,

At his wholesale UMBRELLA MANUFACTORY, No. 34, Maiden-Lane, do inform his friends and the public in general, that he carries on the above manufacture extensively, and sells Umbrellas and Parasols, in the greatest variety, wholesale and retail. Ladies wishing to purchase handsome Parasols, may always have the choice out of one hundred dozen.

N. B. A number of Girls wanted to sew umbrellas, or to nett fringes.

June 14.

904—2m.

RICHARD MULHERMAN,

Has for sale at his store, No. 12 Peck-Slip, a new assortment of dry goods, consisting of superfine Cloths second do. patient and common Cassimers, Pattern Corda, Flannels, Dimities, Linens, Brown Hollands Nankeens, Bandana Handkerchiefs, Mamoodies, Mow Sammas, Gurrabs, white and black thread Laces, Calicoes, checked Leno, Leno Veils, white and colored Cambric Muslins, India Mulmul Muslins, Silk Shawls, and a variety of other goods, which he will sell on reasonable terms for Cash.

May 3.

898—tf.

MRS. TODD'S,

Tea-Store—No. 68, JOHN-STREET,
Where may be had a general assortment of the best Tea, Sugar, Coffee, Spices, &c. &c.

Sept. 6.

916—1m.

FASHIONABLE COMBS.

An elegant assortment of Tortoise and mock Tortoise Combs, for sale at John Barnham's Hardware-Store, No. 103, Maiden-Lane.

Sept. 6.

916—3m.

TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY
N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMERY,
FROM LONDON,
AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE,
NO. 114, BROADWAY.



Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.
His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, clears and prevents the skin from chapping, 4s. per pot.
Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.
Colours of Roses for smelling bottles.
Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns; and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with pointed directions, 3s. 4s. 5 & 12s. bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb.

Violet, double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 8s. per pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; like rose-his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes is 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Glycerine or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the Hair, and preventing it from turning gray, 4s. per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hand and soft Pantures, 1s. per pot or roll. Doiled do. 2s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving, 4s. & 8s. 6d.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Braises, do. Elastic warranted and cotton Garters.

Salt of Lemons, for taking out iron molds.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs.

Superfine white starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. do. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

January 5, 1866.

853. 1y.

SAUNDERS & LEONARD,

No. 104 Maiden-Lane,

Have on hand a constant supply of

Leghorn Hats & Bagnets,

Split straw do. do.

Paper do. do.

Wire assorted sizes,

Artificial and straw Flowers,

do. do. Wreaths,

Leghorn flats by the box or dozen,

Paste boards,

Black, blue, and cloth sewing Silks,

Sarcnets, white and pink,

Open work, straw trimming & Parasols.

With every article in the Millinery line by Wholesale sale only.

N. B. One or two Apprentices wanted at the Millinery business.

August 30.

915—tf.

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISON,

No. 3 PECK-SLIP.

ON CARD PLAYING.

A gentleman in public company, inveighing against the prevailing custom of card playing, was requested to give his reasons for such invective, which he did in words to this effect:

"I will, said he since you desire it, give you my reasons; first, in general, and then in particular: I have observed that cards waste a great deal of time, which I esteem the most valuable treasure that God hath bestowed on us. They exclude conversation in the next place, which is the highest of all social pleasure: and lastly, they too frequently excite envy, repining, and ill humor.

"To be more particular—in young persons the habit of playing at cards absorbs many of those hours, which should be spent in improving the mind, and which, thus simply lost, can never afterwards be repaired. In the progress of their lives, such young persons, for the want of improvement are utterly unfit for proper employments, and fall of course, into pursuits unworthy of the situation they might have filled, and become insignificant in themselves, and useless to society.

"In respect to the old, this humor of card-playing gives a very bad example, and contributes strongly to ruin the rising generation: It removes that reverence that naturally waits upon years, and renders that season of life disgraceful, which ought to be the object of veneration: It increases avarice, the natural vice of age; it corrupts the heart at a season when it ought to be employed in more serious pursuits, instead of giving a moment's attention to such a vain and frivolous amusement.

"In a word, this is one great cause of that incapacity so very justly deplored in our youth of both sexes, and of that profligacy which disgraces them in advanced years."

From late London Papers.

A convict who was lately executed at Leicester, and who adopted the singular mode of travelling in a post-chaise to the place of execution, was no less remarkable for his crimes than a copious fund of low humor. He got the following notice put up in the most frequented houses in the town—"Wanted an agreeable companion in a post chaise to go a journey of considerable length and upon equal terms. Enquire for the particulars at the Castle." It is almost superfluous to mention, that upon the terms being made known, the gentleman could not find a partner.

A most beautiful lamp, adorned with appropriate devices, after the antique, is nearly finished for his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. It is intended to perpetuate the memory of the gallant Nelson, by burning continually in a retired part of his Royal Highness' house. The stand is a fine production of art, from an ancient book of Gothic Architectural Ornaments, in possession of his Royal Highness.

VERACITY.

Two Gentlemen in dispute, reflected upon each other's veracity. One of them replied, that he never was whipt but once by his father, and that was for telling the truth. I believe then (retorted the other) "that truth was whipt out of you, for you never have spoken it since."

THE JOY OF GRIEF.

SWEET the hour of tribulation,
When the heart can freely sigh;
And the tear of resignation
Twinkles in the mournful eye.

Have you felt a kind emotion
Tremble through your troubled breast;
Soft as evening o'er the ocean,
When she charms the waves to rest?

Have you lost a friend, or brother?
Heard a father's parting breath?
Gaz'd upon a lifeless mother,
Till she seem'd to wake from death?

Have you felt a spouse expiring
In your arms, before your view;
Watch'd the lovely soul retiring
From her eyes, that broke on you.

Did not grief then grow romantic,
Raving on remember'd bliss?
Did you not with fervor frantic,
Kiss the lips that felt no kiss?

Yes! but when you had resign'd her,
Life and you were reconcil'd;
Awa' left—she left behind her,
One, one dear, one only child.

But before the green moss peeping,
His poor mother's grave array'd,
In the grave the infant sleeping
On the mother's lap was laid.

Horror then, your heart congealing,
Child'd you with intense despair;
Can you recollect the feelings;
No! there was no feeling there!

From that gloomy trance of sorrow,
When you woke to pangs unknown,
How unwelcome was the morrow,
For it rose on you alone!

Sunk in self consuming anguish,
Can the poor heart always ache?
No the tortured nerve will languish,
Or the strings of life will break.

O'er the yielding brow of sadness,
One faint smile of comfort stole;
One soft pang of tender gladness,
Exquisitely thrill'd your soul.

While the wounds of woe are healing;
While his heart is all resign'd,
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,
'Tis the sabbath of the mind.

Pensive memory then retraces
Scenes of bliss forever fled;
Lives in former times and places,
Holds communion with the dead.

And, when night's prophetic slumbers,
Rend the veil of mortal eye's
From their tombs, the sainted numbers
Of our lost companion rise.

You have seen a friend, a brother,
Heard a dear dead father speak;
Proved the fondness of a mother,
Felt her tears upon your cheek!

Dream of love your grief beguiling,
You have clasp'd a consort's charms,
And received your infant smiling
From his mother's sacred arms.

Trembling, pale, and agonizing,
While you mourn'd the vision gone,
Bright the morning star arising,
Open'd Heaven, from whence it shone.

Thither all your wishes bending,
Rose in ecstasy sublime,
Thither all your hopes ascending
Triumph'd over death and time.

Thus afflicted, bruised and broken,
Have you known such sweet relief?
Yes, my friend! and by this token,
You have felt THE JOY OF GRIEF.

A FRAGMENT.

—She trembled as she met the eye of Lewson—she was confused and embarrassed—she gazed for a minute on his features, with an anxious and eager curiosity, and suddenly exclaiming, "It is! it is!" she dropped down in a chair and burst into tears.

"Good heaven," said Lewson, who had a confused recollection of her person, "what can this mean?—What can this mean!" echoes Mordant, "why, to bubble you out of your money, Pish! can't you see through these stale tricks? When the wax is evidently soft, can we wonder that Imposture should endeavor to stamp dupe upon it?"—"Would to heaven," returned Apitius, "that the rude impression of brutality were stamped on nothing more durable!"

"Do you not," said the wretched visitant, "remember Miss L—y?" "Is it possible?" exclaimed Lewson, "Miss L—y!"—"I was once that favoured child of gait and affluence," said she; but oh! what am I now!" Then after a pause—"Oh father! husband! stepdame! exclaimed she, "and oh! worst of all, my imprudent heart!"

Lewson was pierced to the soul; he felt a kind of mingled perturbation, anxiety, and curiosity, an indescribable sensation, painful indeed, and exquisitely sad, but dearer to the expanded heart, than all the joys of grandeur and of sense. Even Mordant listened, with a malignant sneer, while she briefly related her affecting story.

"My father," said the poor unfortunate, "was, as you know, Sir, an eminent barrister, and, at the time when I had the honor of meeting you at his friend J—'s, had attained such opulence by his profession, as enabled him to enjoy every species of luxury. Shortly after this he married Lady N—, who, though she seemed to have a disinterested affection for my father, always treated me with the most mortifying cruelty and contempt. O fatal persecution! to which, alas! I owe all my present misery. My father, however, infatuated by the charms and accomplishments of this second wife, and not a little vain of her rank, yielded himself and his family implicitly to her dominion, and seemed to think the sacrifice of his daughters peace no more than a proper return, to one who had brought to his arms title, elegance, and fashion. Thus persecuted by her who had usurped from me the dominion of my father's house, and neglected by him to whom I owed my wretched existence, the only minutes of tranquility I enjoyed were those I spent in my own apartments, with my music master.

"Young and inexperienced as I was, can't it be wondered, that an insinuating youth, with whom I spent my only cheerful hours, and who instructed me in the only art that could charm to sweet forgetfulness the anguish of my mind, should make too tender an impression on a susceptible heart. In short, he professed and I really felt the most pure and generous affection and I consented to elope with the basest, the most inhuman of his sex.

"Though my father had not tenderness enough to protect his daughter at home, he had still pride enough to resent her having sought a plebeian protection abroad. As soon therefore as he heard of my marriage, he forbade me the house; and the arts of my cruel stepmother prevailed on him to resolve on seeing me no

more—a resolution which he to cruelly kept. But, peace to his soul—for oh! he was still my father. Tax him not, O heaven! with my afflictions, nor remember his transgressions, as he remembered mine. Oh! Mr. Lewson, he is no more. Four years since he died, and left me—cruel! cruel!—a wanton legacy (so he termed it—a shilling. But, alas! the worst is still untold:—My husband! cruel stars! is there no truth—no generosity—no pity in the heart of man? Must the poor credulous female, who sacrifices all to love, meet in return desertion—treachery—ruin? But, oh! deceitful perjurer; wherever thou fliest to shun the cries of that want, which, for thy dear—accursed sake, I endure, may the keenest pangs of my misery reach thee, and transfix thy savage heart.

"I will not relate to you, Sir, the gradations of distress by which I was reduced to what you see, nor harrow your soul by recounting the cruel taunts with which my haughty stepmother and inhuman husband answered my unavailing petitions. My education disqualified me from earning a subsistence. I endeavored to drown my anguish, by appealing to a practice which soon became habitual—intoxication. My soul became as degraded as my condition, and no resources presenting themselves but begging or prostitution, to the former of which I sunk by imperceptible gradations."

"Thanks to heaven," exclaimed Lewson, "you chose not the latter. Thy wants shall be relieved, and the tongue that sued shall supplicate no more; but who shall restore to the soul of vernal licentiousness its wanton purity, or bid the modest blush tinge once more the cheek of polluted beauty. M.

A man who kept a tippling-house, asked his neighbor what he should put upon his sign. "Write," said the neighbor, "*Beggars made here.*"

TO THE MOON.

MOUNTED in thy silver car,
Chaste-eyed empress of the night;
Hark! a wanderer from afar
Hails thy mild auspicious light.

Light! to *love's* own votaries dear,
Dear to *meditation's* sons;
Shades of error thou canst clear,
Better than a thousand suns.

By thy soft religious gleam,
Reason searches truths divine;
Wisdom owns the inspiring beam;
Virtue smiles to see thee shine.

I too (child of sorrow!) feel
All thy power to soften grief;
Which, though 'tis not thine to heal,
Thine it is to afford relief.

By thy light alone I rove,
Tears indulge, and as they flow,
Learn a mystery to prove,
Learn the luxury of woe.

Tearful eyes to heaven I turn,
There with awe thy form I see,
While the stars that round thee burn,
Light me to the Deity.

Ah! 'tis he who guides their spheres,
He too measures out my woe,
Hence then, cease my falling tears,
Or with resignation flow.

M. L.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 27, 1806.

Deaths in this city, during the last week, of the following diseases, viz.

Of apoplexy 1, asthma 1, casualties 2*, cold 1, consumption 10, convulsions 1, debility 1, decay 2 dropsy 2, dropsy in the head 1, bilious fever 2, typhus fever 4, flux infantile 5, hives 1, mortification of the stomach 1, old age 1, palsy 1, small pox 2, sprue 2, whooping cough 2, worms 1—Men 15, women 9, boys 10 girls 10—Total 44. [One was Hagar Johnson, a black woman, aged 100 years.]

* Two men—one of whom died in consequence of a hurt; the other, a cartman, was killed by a sand bank falling upon him while loading his cart.

On Saturday night, between the hours of 9 & 10 o'clock, a fire broke out in a bake house, in Fair-street occupied by Mr. Henry Rankin, and owned by Mr. J. Woods, but was got under with very little damage to the building, by the Firemen and citizens.

On Sunday night about 10 o'clock, a fire was discovered in the front cellar of Mr. Benjamin Bakewell's house, in Pearl-street, three doors from the corner of Pine street, through the grate of the cellar window. The cellar was full of dry goods, which received considerable damage from the great quantity of water thrown upon them, the fire was got under before it had got to any considerable height. As Mr. Bakewell and family were at their country house, it is believed that the house was designedly set on fire.

On the Banks of the Rio Grande, in Africa, a salt is produced which is proven to be an instantaneous and infallible antidote against poison. The manner in which it was discovered is curious. It appears to have been owing to an elephant which, tho' wounded by a poisoned arrow, a weapon with which the Negroes destroy those animals for the sake of their teeth, continued, to the astonishment of the hunters, to walk and graze without shewing any sign of pain. One of the Negroes recollected that the elephant had gone, on being struck by the arrow, to the bank of a stream, and had conveyed some to its mouth by means of its trunk; but, on looking at what they conceived to be sand, they found it was a whitish salt, having a slight taste of alum. To effect a radical cure of any poison that may have been absorbed, it is only necessary to drink a drachm of this salt dissolved in water.

A letter from Haddington, dated the 10th inst. relates the following remarkable circumstance:—

A young boy of this place, with some of his school-fellows, having frequently discovered an owl on the top of our old church steeple, and not doubting of its having a nest there, attempted, by climbing the wall in the day time, to get at it, but his attempts proved fruitless. The impression, however, of such a precious prize being yet attainable, continuing to actuate this boy's mind, even in the most profound sleep, he ascended the Gothic edifice, carried off the favorite object of his most earnest desire, returned to the window through which it appears he had sallied, placed the nest upon a chair, and went to bed. In the morning he recollected a pleasant dream of a wonderful adventure, and was altogether astonished, as well as overjoyed, to find it realized, in the discovery of the owl's nest!—The boy does not exceed ten years of age.

London pap.

There is exhibiting in London, as a show, a man of monstrous size, whose name is DANIEL LAUBERT, aged 34 years, a native of Litchfield—He weighs 700 pounds—measures 3 yards 4 inches round the waist, and 1 yard 1 inch round the leg. He eats little, drinks nothing but water, enjoys perfect health, and appears to be at ease and in good spirits.

If monstrosity is the effects of water drinking, the present age, generally, has not much to fear on this score.

London pap.

COAL.

Virginia Coal of a superior quality, suitable for the grate, for sale at the yards No. 26 Roosevelt-street, or corner of Roosevelt and Banker-streets.

Also, Liverpool and Scotch Coal, may be had by applying as above.

S. FREEMAN.

COURT OF HYMEN.

Possess'd of the object they love,
Their heart will be wholly at ease—
Whilst reason and Heaven approve,
Their mutual endeavors to please.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, at Peekskill, by the Rev. Mr. Constant, Mr. James Malcom, of this city, pilot, to Miss Easther Tittiar, of that place.

At St. Jago de Cuba, on the 5th of August last, Capt. William W. Bell, of this city, to Mad'le Maria Antoinette Cicerou, of St. Domingo.

At Lancaster county, Joseph Hemphill, Esq. to Miss Margaret Colean.

At Albany, Geo. Sheppard, merchant, to Miss Alida Visachor, daughter of Col. Juho Visachor.

MORTALTY.

DID the sharp pang we feel for friends deceas'd
Unbated last, we must with anguish die;
But nature bids its rigour should be eas'd,
By lenient time, and strong necessity;
These calm the passions, and subdue the mind,
To bear the appointed lot of human kind.

DIED.

On Friday the 19th instant, Henry Masterton Esq. At Poughkeepsie, on Sunday last, Mr. Gilbert Livingston, Esq.

At Burlington, Vermont, Col. Udney Hay.

At New-Orleans, Col. Fredrick H. Baron, of Wisconsin, aged 78 a native of Prussia, and formerly of this state.

At Richmond, Mr. John Davis.

On the 18th April last, at the Isles de Los, Africa, captain Andrew Lawrence, of this city.

Death in Philadelphia the last week—24 adults, 19 children—total 43.

Lately at Bermuda, Mr. James Brewerton, late of the city of New-York.

At the State-prison, on Thursday the 18th inst. Mr. Henry C. Williamson; in the 31st year of his age. On Friday following, his remains were interred in St. Paul's church-yard, attended by a numerous concourse of Friends.

When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
Fill'd with affliction's bitter cup;
Lost to relations, friends, and fame,
Thy pow'rful hand can raise us up.

LIKENESS

TAKEN BY THE REFLECTING MIRROR,

AND PAINTED FINELY IN MINIATURE.

MR. PARISEN, respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen that he has returned to this city, and resides at No. 58, Chatham-Street, where he will continue for some time to take Likeness' by the Reflecting Mirror, lately received from London, which only requires a few minutes sitting to take the most correct Likeness in any position, and reduced to any size in Miniature. Price of each picture, which depends on the size, and finely painted, is from 5 to 20 dollars each—the Likeness is warranted to please.

Likewise, historical and fancy pieces painted on silk for Ladies needle-work, and all kinds of hair devices neatly executed.

N. B. A few Ladies and Gentlemen may be instructed in the art of drawing and painting in water colours, on moderate terms.

Sept. 6.

916—4f.

30,000, 20,000, & 10,000 DOLLARS.

For sale at this office, Tickets in Lottery No. V. for the Encouragement of Literature.

PLAYS,

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Mountaineers, West Indian, False Shame, Folly as it Flies, Edwin & Angelina, Way to get Married Count of Burgundy, Signs of the Daughter, Love's Frailties Deserted Daughter, Stranger, Self Immolation, Widow of Malabar, Jew or Benevolent Hebrew, Rural Felicity, Tell Truth & Shame the Devil, Preservation or the Hovel on the Rock, Father, or American slumby-ism. &c. &c. &c.

COURT OF APOLLO.

WIT.—BY YOUNG.

WHAT though Wit tickles? tickling is unsafe,
If still 'tis painful while it makes us laugh.
Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?

Parts may be prais'd—good nature is ador'd:
Then draw your wit as seldom as your sword;
And never on the weak; or you'll appear,
As there no herb—no great genius here.

As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set:
Their want of edge from their offence is seen;—
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

The fame men give is for the joy they find:—
Dull is the jester, when the joke's unkind.

THE DAUGHTER.

As daughters draw near, who are coax'd to be wives,
By the glitter of gold, or by fame,
Regard, as you wish for the peace of your lives,
Whoever at wedlock may aim.

Ill-coupled, a train of calamities grow,
That prudence itself cannot hush:
If a fool, the poor dupe can no honor bestow,
And if impudent, oft makes you blush.

If a miser, like mine, should present you his hand,
Bid the sordid old wretch disappear,
Pride, jealousy, hate would your actions command,
And repentance would bring up the rear.

The rake of all wretches dear virgin, oppose,
He always one's honor suspects;
The worst of all women are all that he knows,
And he thinks there's no odds in the sex.

But shew me the lad of a generous heart,
Where candor and good nature glow,
And if I deny him, then bid me depart
And lead Apes in the regions below.

RONDEAU.

From the 'Stranger at Home.'

Woman's fate is still distressing,
Be her lot whatever it will;
Man perverts her every blessing
To a cause of future ill.

If with charms her form enduing,
Nature kindest care employs;
Man the gaudy prize pursuing,
Conquers first, and then destroys.

Riches serve but to entail her—
Like the Bee with honied store,
Her wealth allures the cruel spoiler,
And dooms her—victim of her hoard.

HENRY IV.

THIS admirable prince, by whose good policy the
misfortunes of France were retrieved, thus addressed
his soldiers at the battle of Ivry.
My children, if you lose sight of the colours rally to
my white plume, you will always find it in the road to
honor and to glory.

As active despair has often triumphed over the in-
frequent assurance of success.

STOLLENWERCK & BROTHERS, WHOLESALE & RETAIL JEWELLERS & WATCH MAKERS, NO. 137, WILLIAM-STREET.

Impressed with a due sense of the many favors con-
ferred on them, beg to return their sincere thanks to a
generous public, and to inform them they have opened a
Store No. 441, Pearl-Street, where they intend keep-
ing a general assortment of the most fashionable arti-
cles in their line. In addition to their former Stock,
they have just received an elegant assortment of La-
dies ornamented dress Combs of the latest Parisian
fashions, (they invite the ladies to be early in their ap-
plications) as also a fresh supply of the highly approved
Venus Tooth-Powder, which is now selling with such
rapidity by them, the sole vendors in New-York.
They have on hand a large assortment of fashionable
gold and silver Watches, which they are determined
to dispose of, wholesale or retail on very liberal terms.
N. B. Spanish Segars of the very best quality in
boxes, from 250 to 1000.

Orders from the country punctually attended to.
A few proof impressions of John Sullivan's map
of the U. States, including Louisiana, five feet square,
taken from actual survey, and superior in point of cor-
rectness to any now in use.

Sept. 6.

916—tf.

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colours, &c. &c.

July 19.

909—tf.

MARTIN RABBESON,

At his wholesale UMBRELLA MAN-
UFACTORY, No. 34, Maiden-Lane, cor-
ner of Nassau-Street, begs leave to in-
form his friends and the public in gen-
eral, that he carries on the above man-
ufacture extensively, and sells Umbrel-
las and Parasols, in the greatest varie-
ty, wholesale and retail. Ladies wish-
ing to purchase handsome Parasols, may always have
the choice out of one hundred doz.

N. B. A number of Girls wanted to sew umbrellas,
or to nett fringes

June 14

904—3m.

RICHARD MULHERAN,

Has for sale at his store, No. 12 Peck-Slip, a new
assortment of dry goods, consisting of superfine Cloths
second do. pattern and common Cassimeers, Patten
Cords, Flannels, Dimities, Linens, Brown Hollands
Nankeens, Bandano Handkerchiefs, Mamoodies, Mow
Sannas, Gurrabs, white and black thread Laces, Calli-
coes, checked Leno, Leno Veils, white and coloured
Cambrie Muslins, India Mulmul Muslins, Silk Shawls,
and a variety of other goods, which he will sell on rea-
sonable terms for Cash.

May 3,

898—4f.

MRS. TODD'S,

TEA-STORE—No. 68, JOHN-STREET.

Where may be had a general assortment of the best
Teas, Sugar, Coffee, Spices, &c. &c.

Sept. 6

916—1m.

FASHIONABLE COMBS.

An elegant assortment of Tortoise and mock Tor-
toise Combs, for sale at John Barabam's Hardware-
Store, No. 103, Maiden-lane.

Sept. 6,

916—3m.

TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMERY,
FROM LONDON,

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE.

NO. 114, BROADWAY.



Smith's purified Chymical Cos-
metic Wash Ball, far superior to an-
ny other, for softening, beautifying,
and preserving the skin from chop-
ping, with an agreeable perfume,
4 & 8s. each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream,
for taking off all kinds of roughness,
cleans and prevents the skin from
chopping. 4s per pot.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches
for travelling, that holds all the sha-
ving apparatus complete in a small compass.
Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.
Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-
ness or sunburns; and is very fine for gentlemen
after shaving, with printed directions, 3s. 4s. 8 & 12s.
bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair,
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s
and 8s. per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb.
Violet, double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savynette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 8s. pe
pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural col-
our to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl
Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences
Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond
Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glos-
sing and thickening the Hair, and preventing it from
turning gray, 4s. per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pama-
tums, 1s. per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s. and 4s. per
box. Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical
principles to help the operation of shaving, 4s. & 1s. 6d.
Smith's celebrated Corn Plaister, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted and cotton
Garters.

Salt of Lemons, for taking out iron mold.
Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

* The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic
Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-
knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs
Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. La-
dies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but
have their goods fresh and free from adulteration,
which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again
January 5, 1806. 853. 1y.

SAUNDERS & LEONARD,

No. 104 Maiden-Lane,

Have on hand a constant supply of

Leghorn Hats & Bonnets,
Split straw do. do.
Paper do. do.
Wire assorted sizes,
Artificial and straw Flowers,
do. do. Wreaths,
Leghorn flats by the box or dozen,
Paste boards,
Black, blue, and cloth sewing Silks,
Sarsnets, white and pink,
Open work, straw trimming & Tassels.
With every article in the Millenary line by Wholes-
sale only.

N. B. One or two Apprentices wanted at the Mil-
lenary business.

August 30,

915—tf.

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISON,
No. 3 PECK-SLIP.